


DEFIANT
2
\$2.50
\$3.50 CANADA

Prudence & **CAUTION**

TM



DEVILS IN THE DARK

Be Careful what you Wish for,
Especially when you hear
the sound of One Hand Clapping

IT'S THE HEAT HE
HATES MOST, SICKLY
AND OPPRESSIVE,
WITH A FAINT STENCH
AT THE BACK OF HIS
NOSTRILS OF SOME-
THING ROTTING,
REMINDS HIM TOO
MUCH OF MANHATTAN
IN A BAD SUMMER
WHEN SANITATION
GETS BEHIND ON
THE GARBAGE.

EVERYTHING AROUND
IS SLIPPERY TO THE
TOUCH-- INCLUDING
HIM-- A WHOLE WORLD
AS SQUIDGY IN HIS
GRASP AS A SLUG.

ONLY HE'S IN *ITS*
GRASP AND IT
DOESN'T SEEM AT
ALL INTERESTED
IN LETTING GO.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOUR GAME
IS, *SUERACEEN*,
BUT I'M GETTING
PRETTY TIRED
OF IT.

YOU'RE HARDLY
IN A POSITION TO
MAKE DEMANDS,
EARTHER.

AFTER ALL YOU'VE
DONE, WHY SHOULD
THE ORG OF PLASM
DEVOTE ANY OF ITS
RESOURCES TO
SAFEGUARDING
YOUR PALTRY
HOMEWORLD?



I COULDN'T CARE LESS IF YOUR WORLD DESTROYS ITSELF, OR IS DESTROYED BY PRUDENCE.

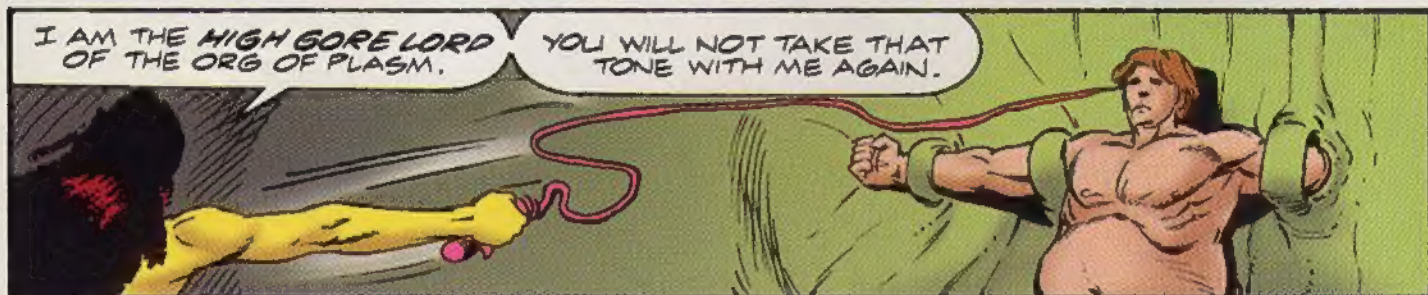
CORPSES CAN BE MULCHED AS EFFECTIVELY AS LIVING BODIES.



IS THAT IT, SUE?

YOU TURNED THAT HORROR LOOSE ON EARTH AS A WAY OF GETTING AROUND LORCA'S DECISION TO LEAVE US BE?!

YOU FIGURE ON LETTING HER DO YOUR DIRTY WORK FOR YOU?



I AM THE HIGH GORE LORD OF THE ORG OF PLASM.

YOU WILL NOT TAKE THAT TONE WITH ME AGAIN.



WHATEVER YOUR THOUGHTS OF ME PERSONALLY, MALE, YOU WILL TREAT ME WITH THE RESPECT DUE MY OFFICE--

--OR YOU WILL SUFFER FOR IT!

YOU WANT MY RESPECT, LADY--

--EARN IT!




MOST CITIZENS OF THE ORG WOULD CHEERFULLY SELL THEIR SOULS TO AVOID EVEN A SINGLE LASH OF MY TWISTWHIP.



VIVA LA DIFFERENCE, THEN...

...BETWEEN YOU...

...AND ...US!



CASE IN
POINT, HEAR
WHAT I'M
SAYIN',
LADY?!

I'M NOT
ABOUT TO
STAND
HERE AN'
TAKE IT!

MOST
IMPRESSIVE.

THOSE RESTRAINTS
WERE CALIBRATED
TO TWICE THE
MAXIMUM
STRENGTH INDEX
WE RECORDED
OFF YOU.

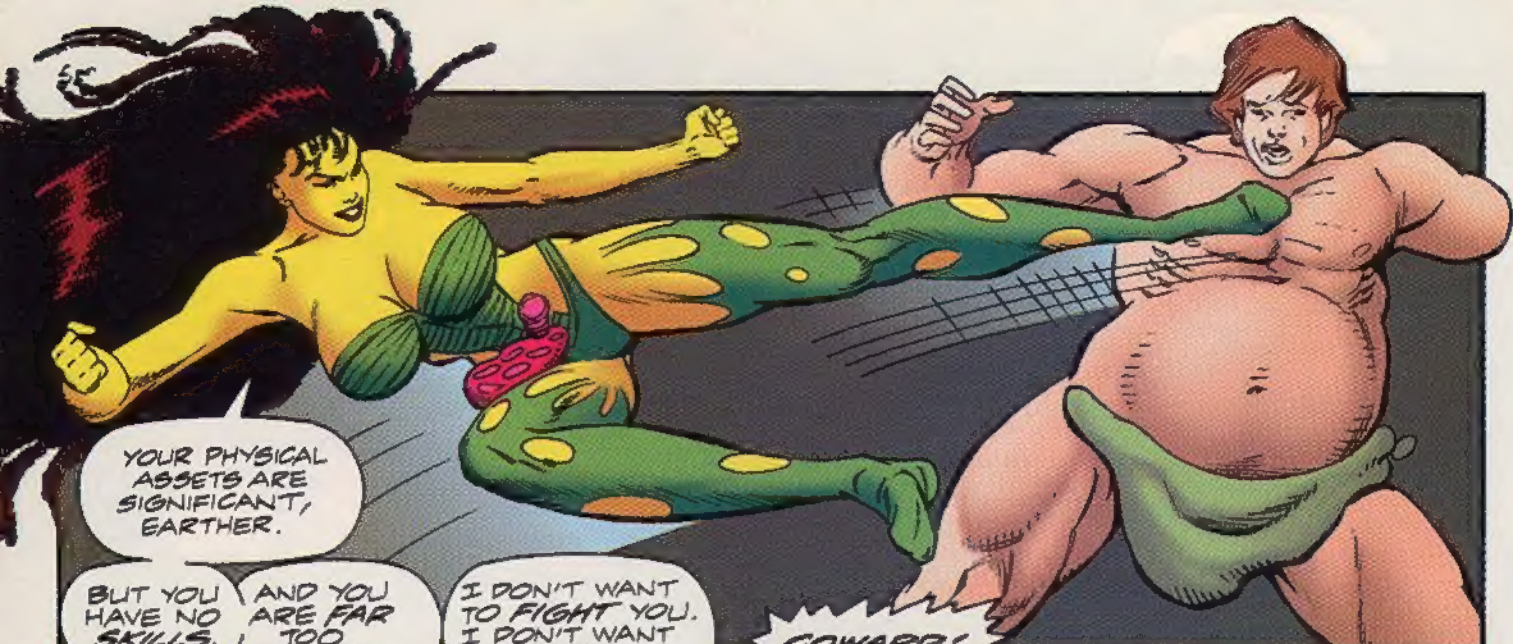
HUMANS,
WE'RE JUST
FULL O'
SURPRISES.

WE'RE
TOUGHER'N
YOU EXPECT.

AND SOME
OF US
DON'T DIE
WHEN WE'RE
SUPPOSED
TO.

AND A FEW, I SEE,
DON'T HAVE SENSE
ENOUGH TO
QUIT WHILE
THEY'RE AHEAD.





YOUR PHYSICAL
ASSETS ARE
SIGNIFICANT,
EARTHER.

BUT YOU
HAVE NO
SKILLS.

AND YOU
ARE FAR
TOO
CAUTIOUS.

I DON'T WANT
TO FIGHT YOU.
I DON'T WANT
TO FIGHT
ANYONE!

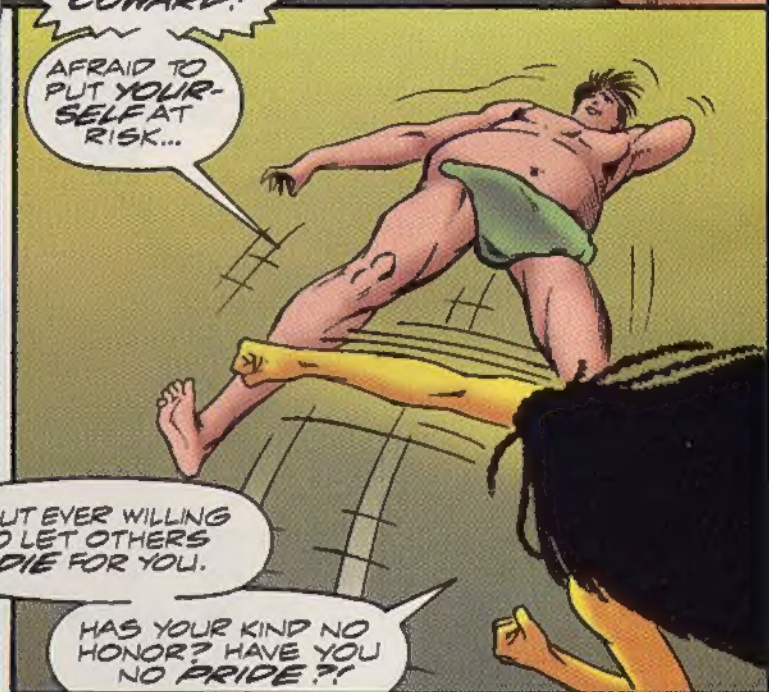
COWARD!

AFRAID TO
PUT YOUR-
SELF AT
RISK...



...BUT EVER WILLING
TO LET OTHERS
DIE FOR YOU.

HAS YOUR KIND NO
HONOR? HAVE YOU
NO PRIDE?!



SUPREME
ONE--

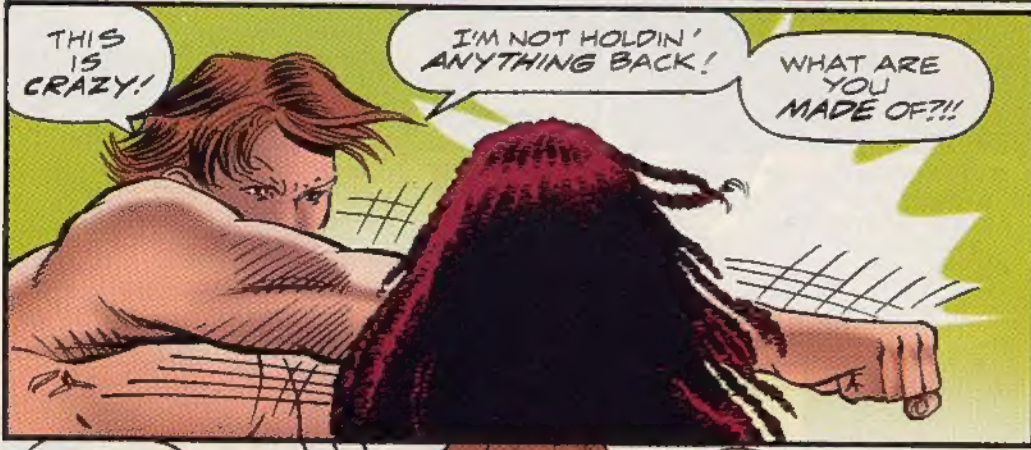
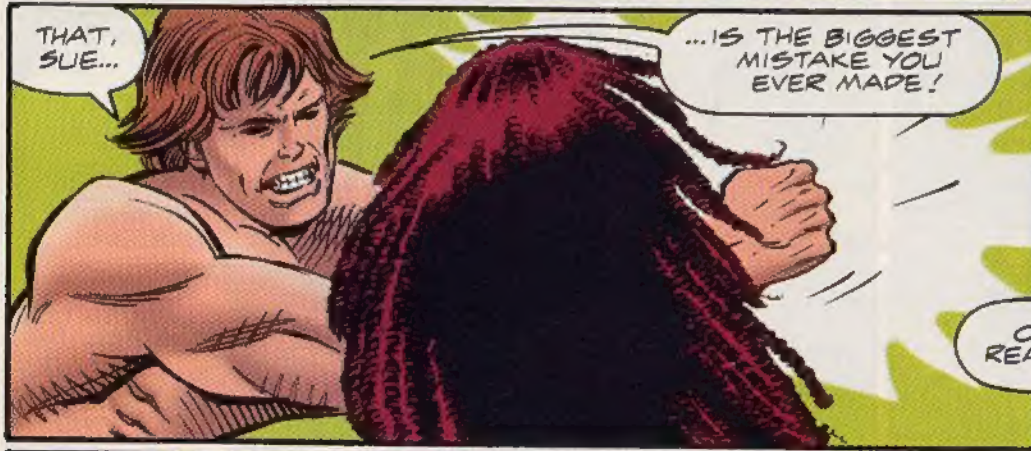
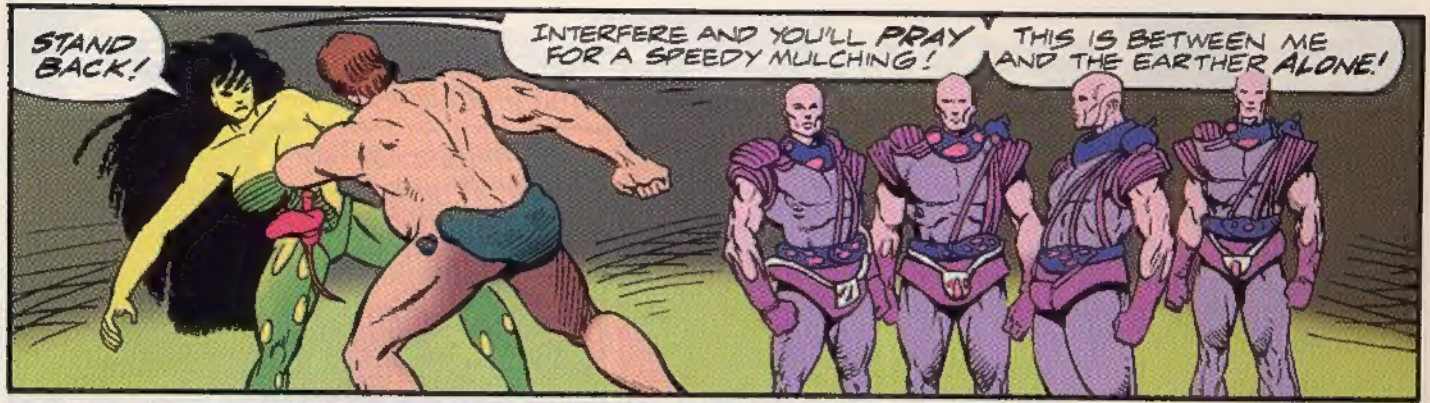
-- THE SENSOCAPS REPORT THAT THE
PRISONER HAS ESCAPED!

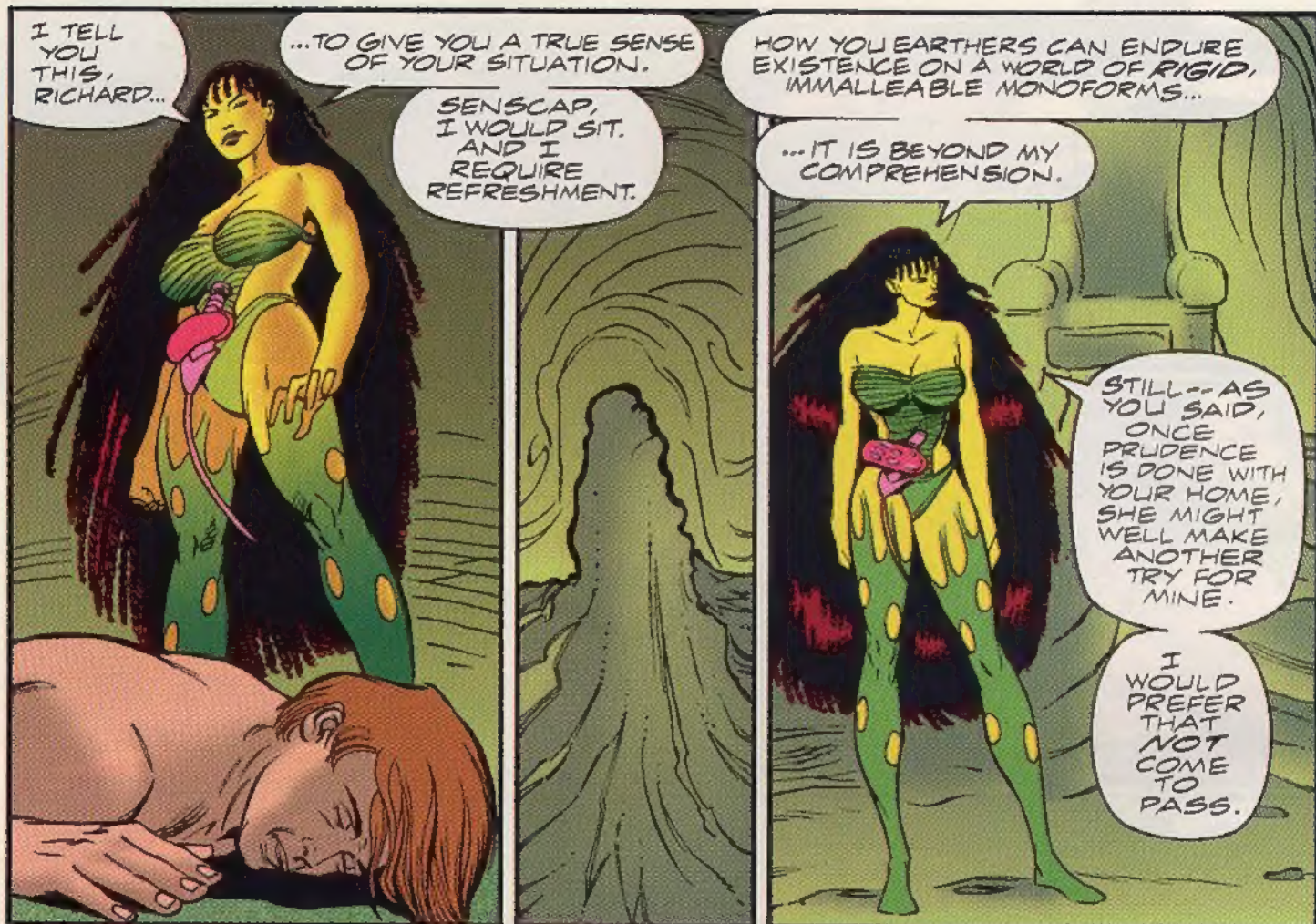
ARE YOU IN
DANGER?!

FROM THIS
NONENTITY,
TRAMPLE-ZOM--?

YOU
BETTER
BELIEVE
IT!







I TELL YOU THIS, RICHARD...

...TO GIVE YOU A TRUE SENSE OF YOUR SITUATION.

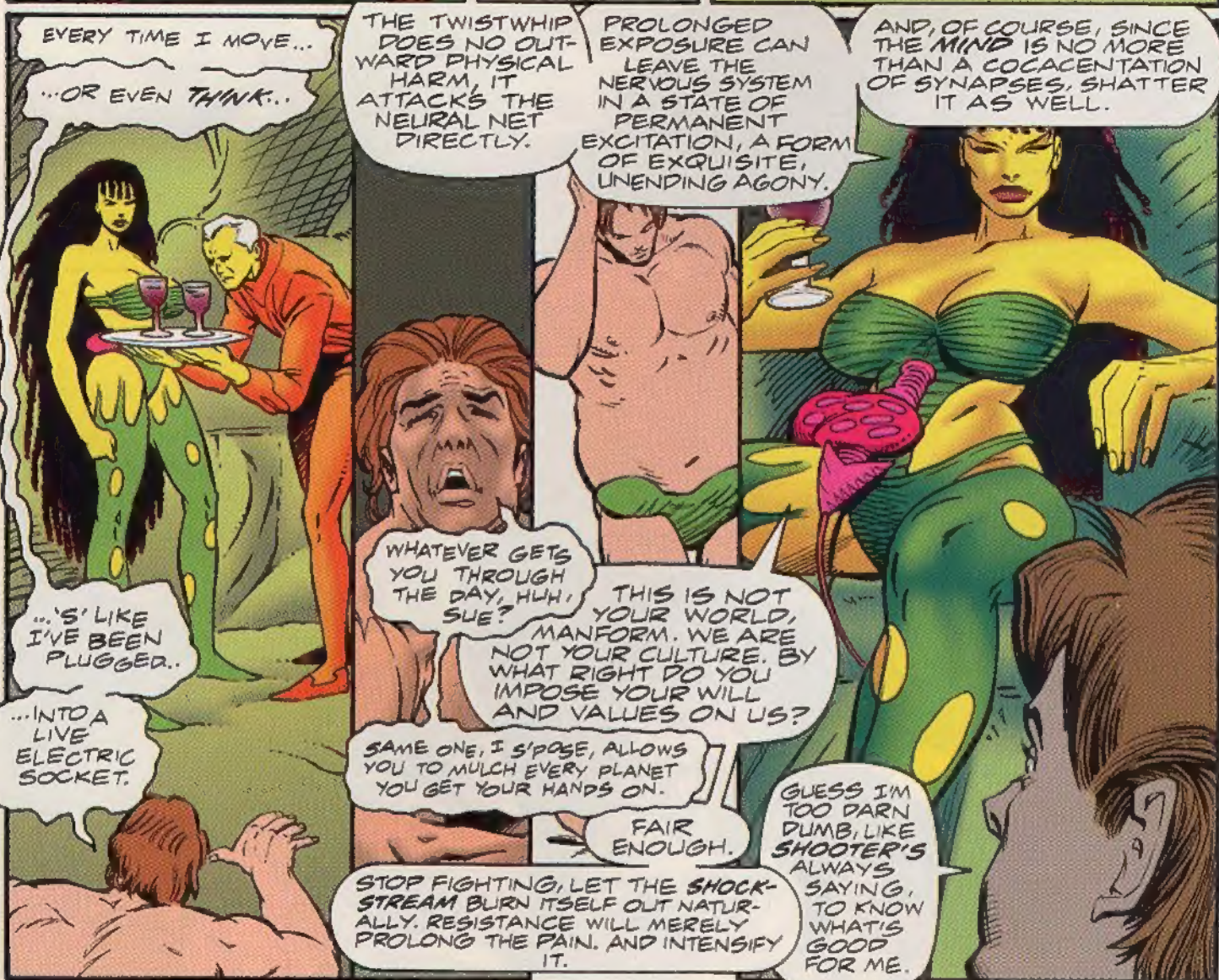
SENSCAP, I WOULD SIT. AND I REQUIRE REFRESHMENT.

HOW YOU EARTHERS CAN ENDURE EXISTENCE ON A WORLD OF RIGID, IMMALLEABLE MONOFORMS...

...IT IS BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION.

STILL--AS YOU SAID, ONCE PRUDENCE IS DONE WITH YOUR HOME, SHE MIGHT WELL MAKE ANOTHER TRY FOR MINE.

I WOULD PREFER THAT NOT COME TO PASS.



EVERY TIME I MOVE...

...OR EVEN THINK...

THE TWISTWHIP DOES NO OUTWARD PHYSICAL HARM, IT ATTACKS THE NEURAL NET DIRECTLY.

PROLONGED EXPOSURE CAN LEAVE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM IN A STATE OF PERMANENT EXCITATION, A FORM OF EXQUISITE, UNENDING AGONY.

AND, OF COURSE, SINCE THE MIND IS NO MORE THAN A COCACENTRATION OF SYNAPSES, SHATTER IT AS WELL.

...I'VE BEEN PLUGGED..

...INTO A LIVE ELECTRIC SOCKET.

WHATEVER GETS YOU THROUGH THE DAY, HUH, SUE?

THIS IS NOT YOUR WORLD, MANFORM. WE ARE NOT YOUR CULTURE. BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU IMPOSE YOUR WILL AND VALUES ON US?

SAME ONE, I S'POSE, ALLOWS YOU TO MULCH EVERY PLANET YOU GET YOUR HANDS ON.

FAIR ENOUGH.

STOP FIGHTING, LET THE SHOCK-STREAM BURN ITSELF OUT NATURALLY. RESISTANCE WILL MERELY PROLONG THE PAIN. AND INTENSIFY IT.

GUESS I'M TOO DARN DUMB, LIKE SHOOTER'S ALWAYS SAYING, TO KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR ME.

YOUR COMPANION IS A FOOL. HE CONTROLS MORE POWER--AS DO YOU ALL-- THAN HE KNOWS RIGHTLY WHAT TO DO WITH, YET HIS IMAGINATION IS SO LIMITED HE CAN ONLY USE IT IN ITS MOST SUPERFICIAL ASPECTS.

PROBLEM FOR YOU IS, WE LEARN REAL QUICK.

THE PROBLEM FOR YOU, RICHARD, IS THAT WE ARE NOT THE ONLY PLAYERS IN THIS GAME. AND FAR FROM THE DEADLIEST--

--BY THE WORLDSOUL!?!
EARTHQUAKE?!!

EARTHQUAKE?!!

RELAX, SUE, I GOTCHA!

UNHAND ME, LUMMOX!

I CAN MANAGE WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

HEY, NO PROBLEM, YOU'RE WELCOME!

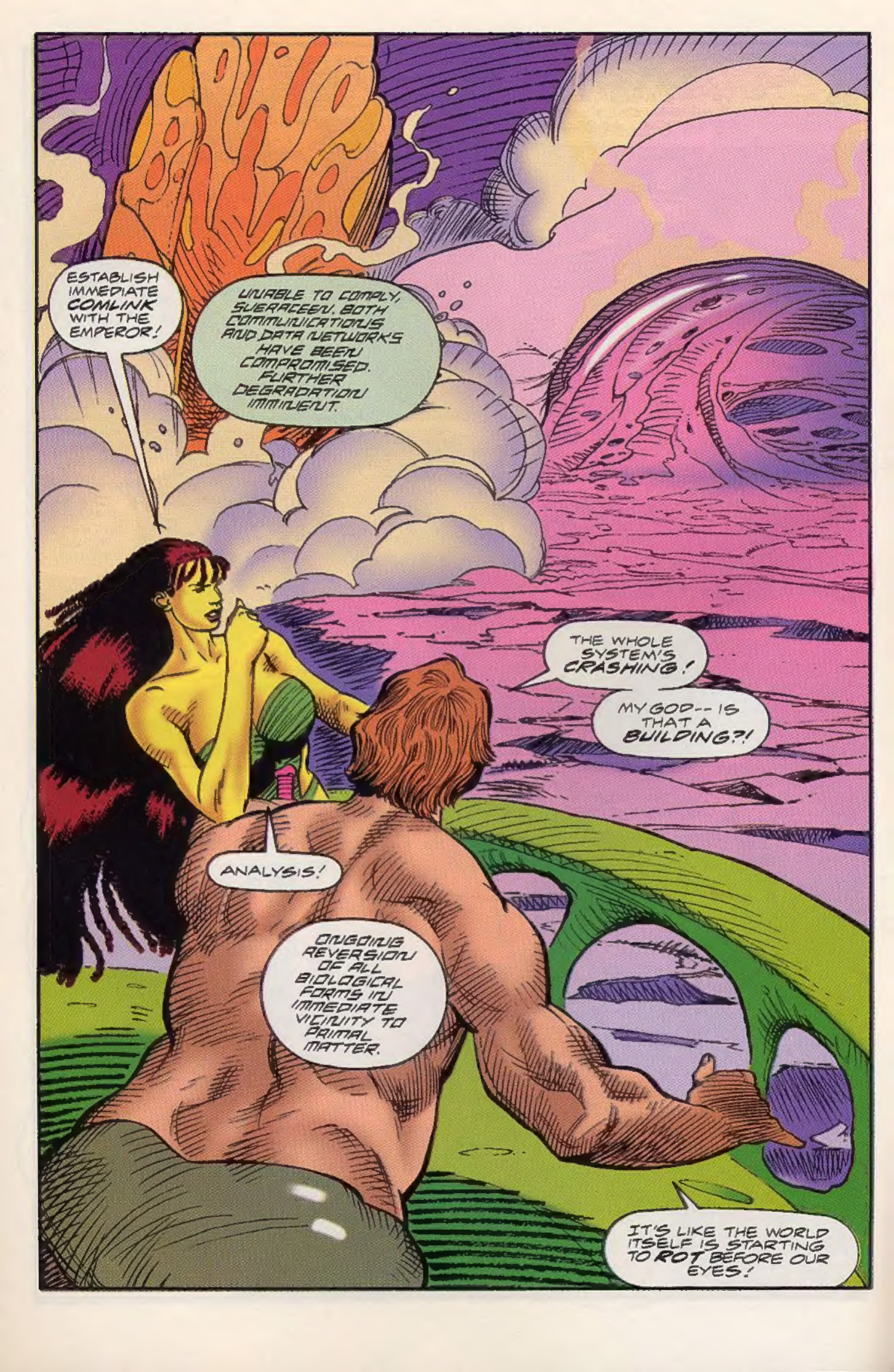
DO YOU COMPREHEND NOTHING?!!

I WAS BRED BEFORE INCEPTION TO BE THE FINEST GORELORD IN THE ORG'S MEMORY.

EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING-- BODY AND MIND-- IS DEDICATED TO THAT ROLE. NONE CAN MATCH MY SKILL AS A TACTICIAN, MY PROWESS AS A WARRIOR.

OR DO YOU NEED ANOTHER DUEL TO REMIND YOU.

SENSCAP-- MANIFEST IMMEDIATE ACCESS TO THE EXTERIOR. I MUST SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!



ESTABLISH
IMMEDIATE
COMLINK
WITH THE
EMPEROR!

UNABLE TO COMPLY,
SUGARCEEV. BOTH
COMMUNICATIONS
AND DATA NETWORKS
HAVE BEEN
COMPROMISED.
FURTHER
DEGRADATION
IMMINENT.

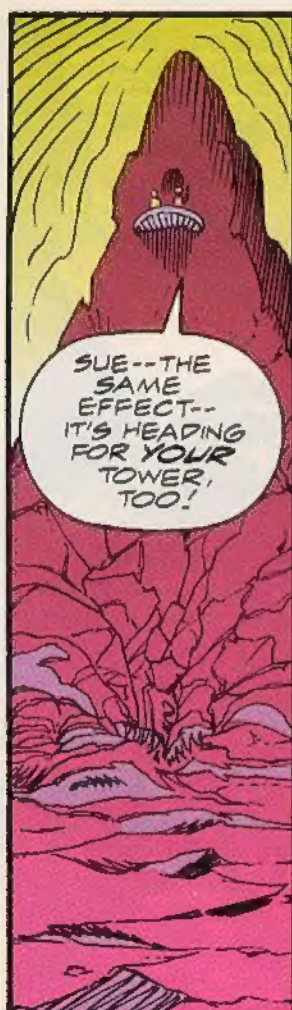
THE WHOLE
SYSTEM'S
CRASHING!

MY GOD-- IS
THAT A
BUILDING?!

ANALYSIS!

ONGOING
REVERSION
OF ALL
BIOLOGICAL
FORMS IN
IMMEDIATE
VICINITY TO
PRIMAL
MATTER.

IT'S LIKE THE WORLD
ITSELF IS STARTING
TO ROT BEFORE OUR
EYES!



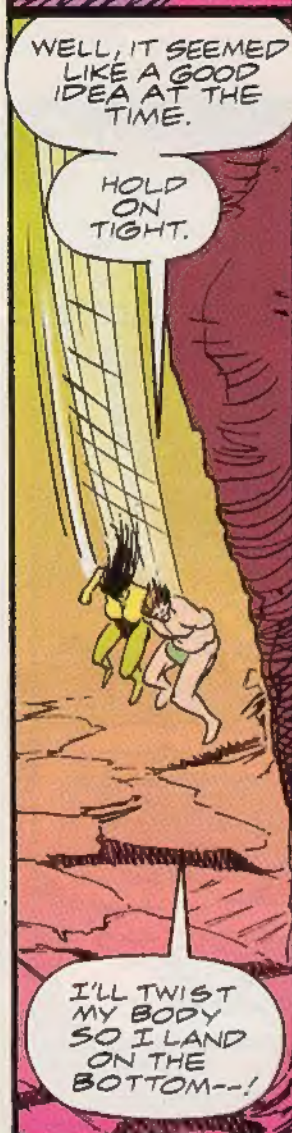
SUE--THE
SAME
EFFECT--
IT'S HEADING
FOR YOUR
TOWER,
TOO!



SENSCAP, HUSTLE US
UP A FLIGHTWING!

AERIAL
PICK-UP,
ABSOLUTE
PRIORITY,
NOW!

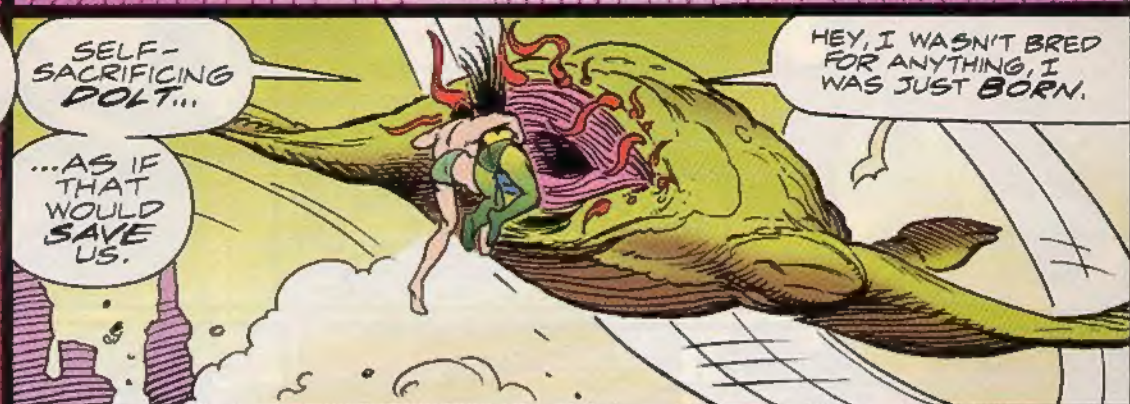
APOLOGIES
FOR STEPPIN'
BEYOND MY
"PLACE", SUE,
BUT WE GOTTA
GO.



WELL, IT SEEMED
LIKE A GOOD
IDEA AT THE
TIME.

HOLD
ON
TIGHT.

I'LL TWIST
MY BODY
SO I LAND
ON THE
BOTTOM--!



SELF-
SACRIFICING
DOLT...

...AS IF
THAT
WOULD
SAVE
US.

HEY, I WASN'T BRED
FOR ANYTHING, I
WAS JUST BORN.



EXCUSE ME FOR TRYIN' TO DO THE
BEST I CAN WITH WHAT I GOT.

STOP
APOLOGIZING.
IT'S A SIGN
OF WEAKNESS.

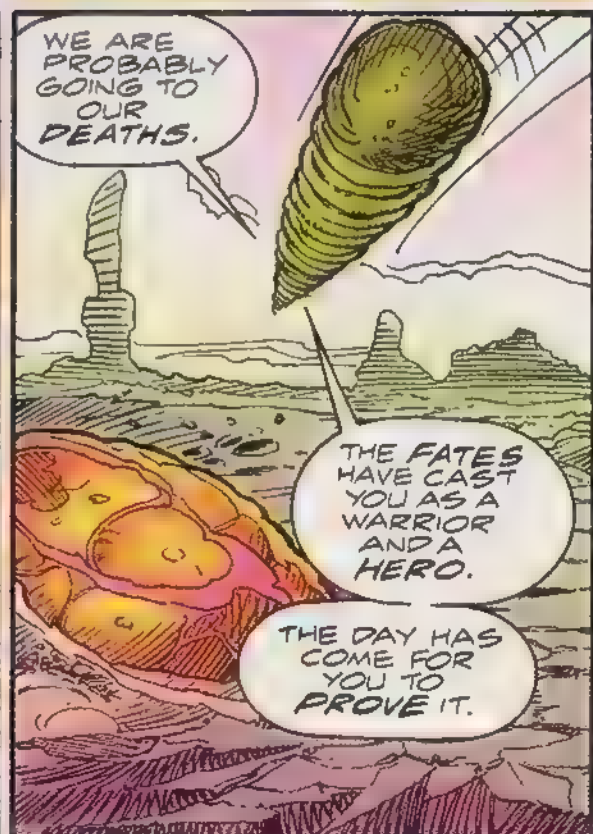
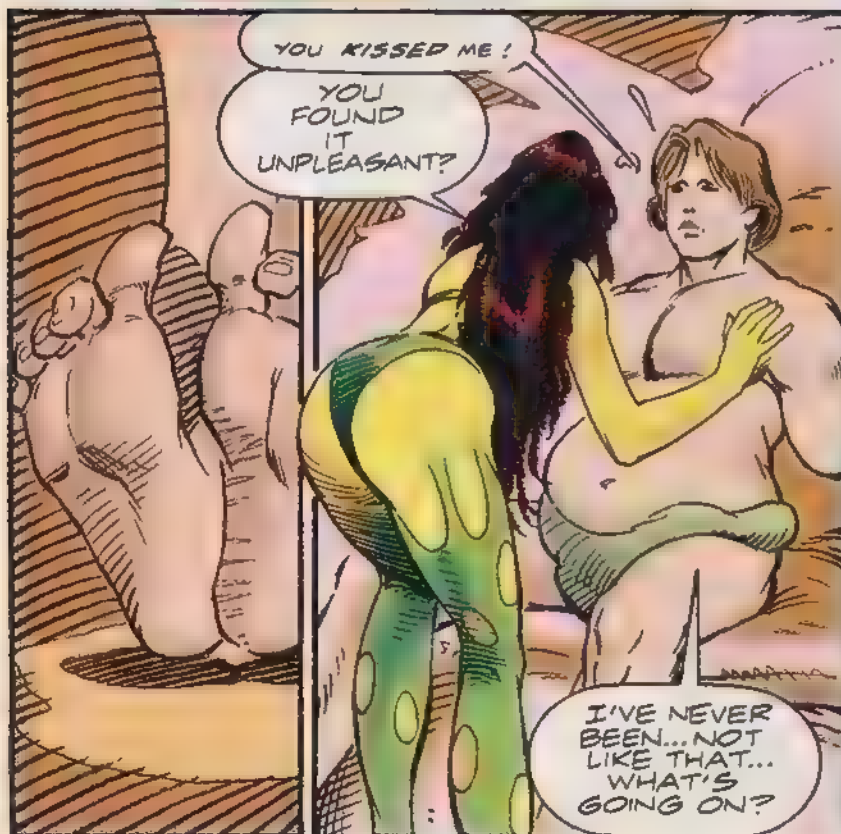
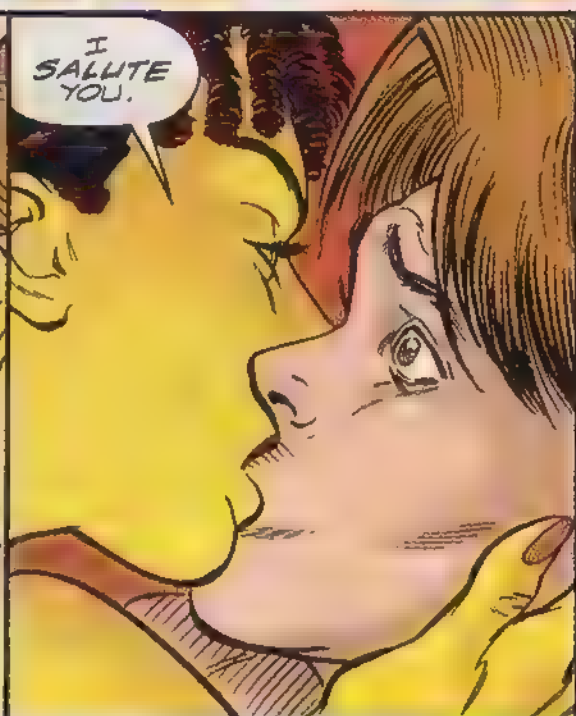
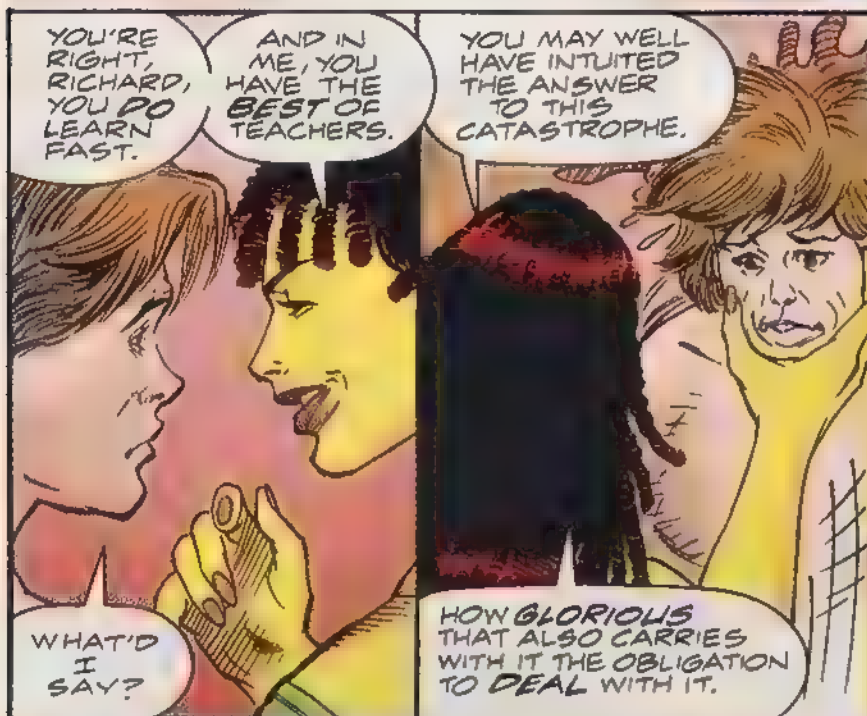
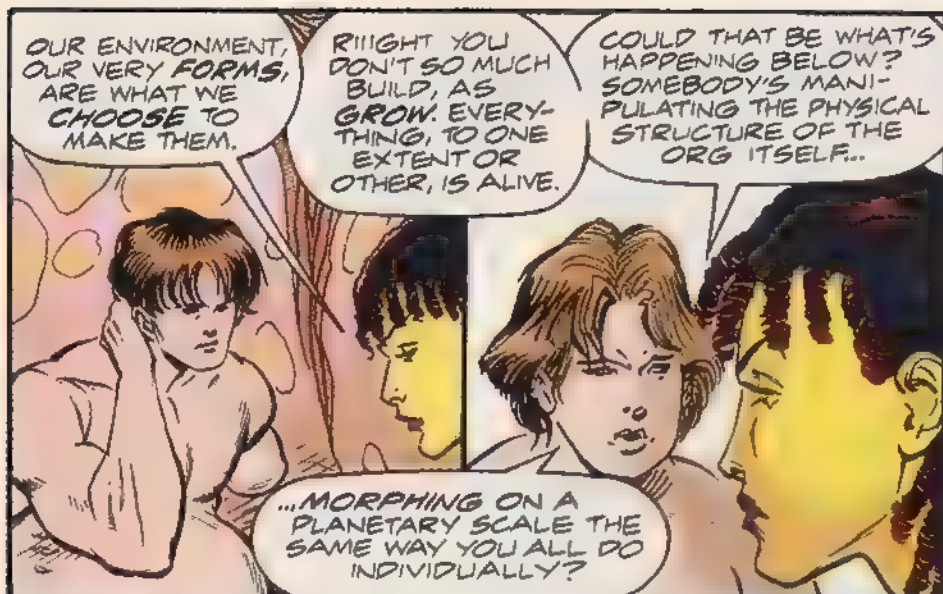
I WAS
TAUGHT
IT WAS
GOOD
MANNERS.

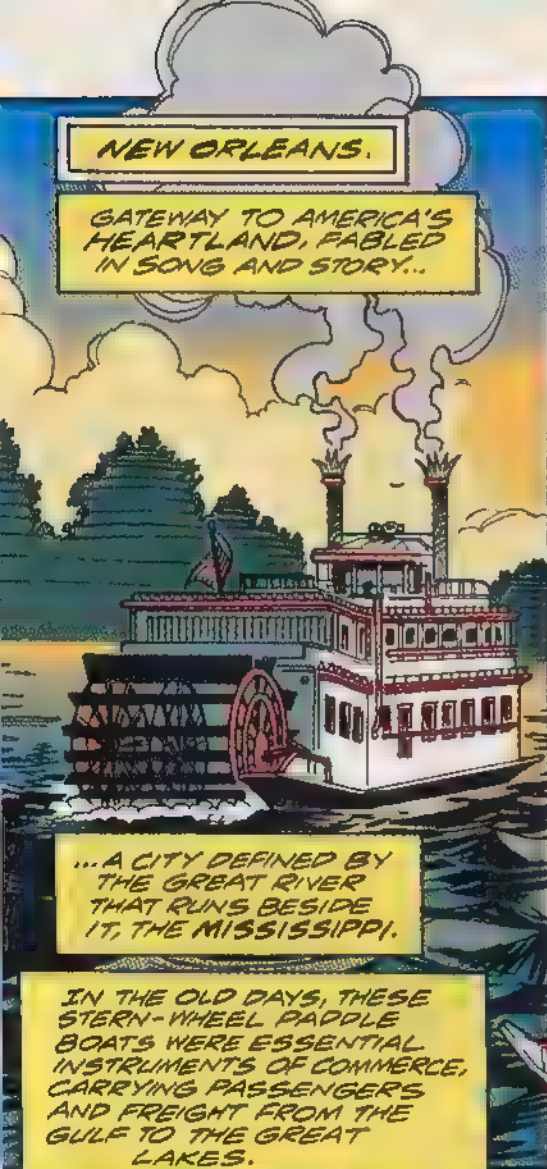


THIS
IS SO
TOTALLY
WEIRD.

I MEAN, THE FLIGHTWING'S
ALIVE, YET IT CAN
CHANGE ITSELF TOTALLY--
INSIDE AND OUT-- TO FIT
THE REQUIREMENTS OF
ITS PASSENGERS.

IN A SENSE,
EARTHER,
YOU'VE JUST
DEFINED THE
ORG.





NEW ORLEANS.

GATEWAY TO AMERICA'S
HEARTLAND, FABLED
IN SONG AND STORY...

...A CITY DEFINED BY
THE GREAT RIVER
THAT RUNS BESIDE
IT, THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN THE OLD DAYS, THESE
STERN-WHEEL PADDLE
BOATS WERE ESSENTIAL
INSTRUMENTS OF COMMERCE,
CARRYING PASSENGERS
AND FREIGHT FROM THE
GULF TO THE GREAT
LAKES.



TODAY, THEY'RE
NO LESS
ESSENTIAL.

THEY SIMPLY
CARRY TOURISTS
ON SIGHTSEEING
DAY-TRIPS.

SOME ENJOY
WATCHING THE
RIVERFRONT
ANTE-BELLUM
PLANTATION
HOUSES.



SOME HAVE... OTHER
PREFERENCES.

NICE.

VERY.

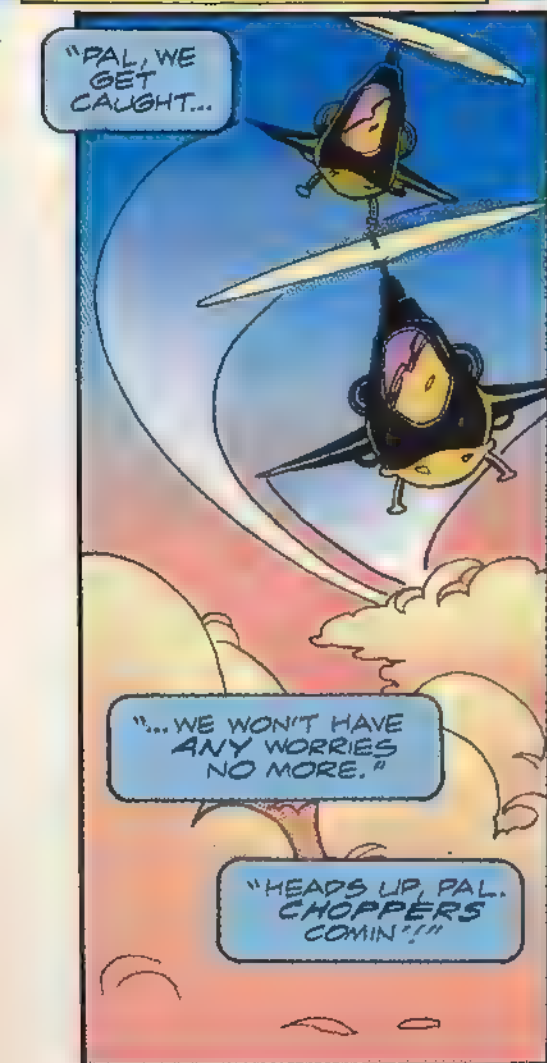
GOOD SPEED.
SHE'S PACIN'
THE BOAT.

SHAME
WE'RE
ONNA
JOB.

COULD STAND
AN' WATCH
HER ALL
DAY.

WE GET
CAUGHT.

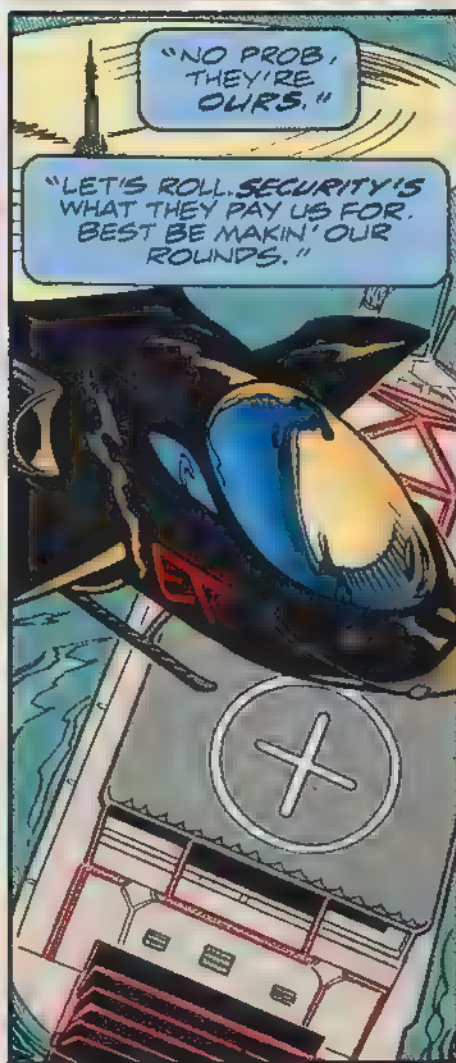
...WON'T HAVE
THAT WORRY
NO MORE.



"PAL, WE
GET
CAUGHT..."

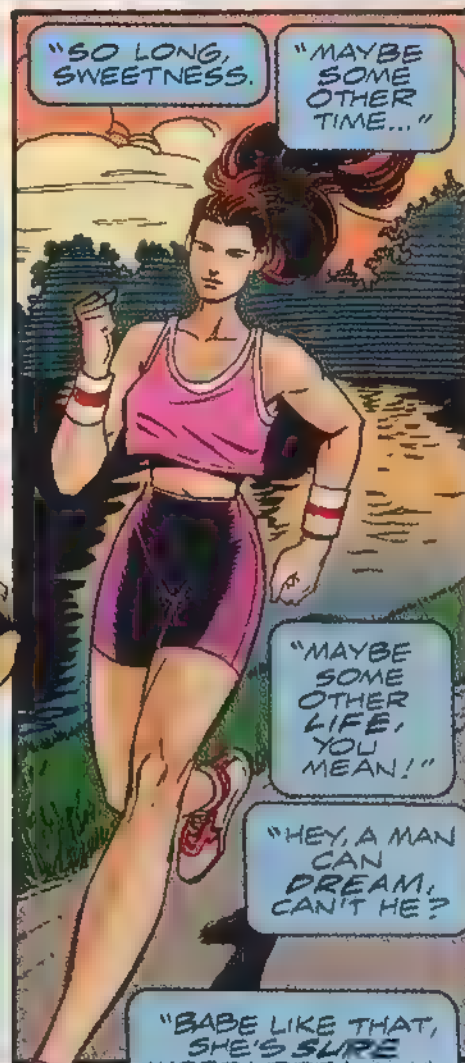
"...WE WON'T HAVE
ANY WORRIES
NO MORE."

"HEADS UP, PAL.
CHOPPERS
COMIN'!"



"NO PROB,
THEY'RE
OURS."

"LET'S ROLL. SECURITY'S
WHAT THEY PAY US FOR.
BEST BE MAKIN' OUR
ROUNDS."



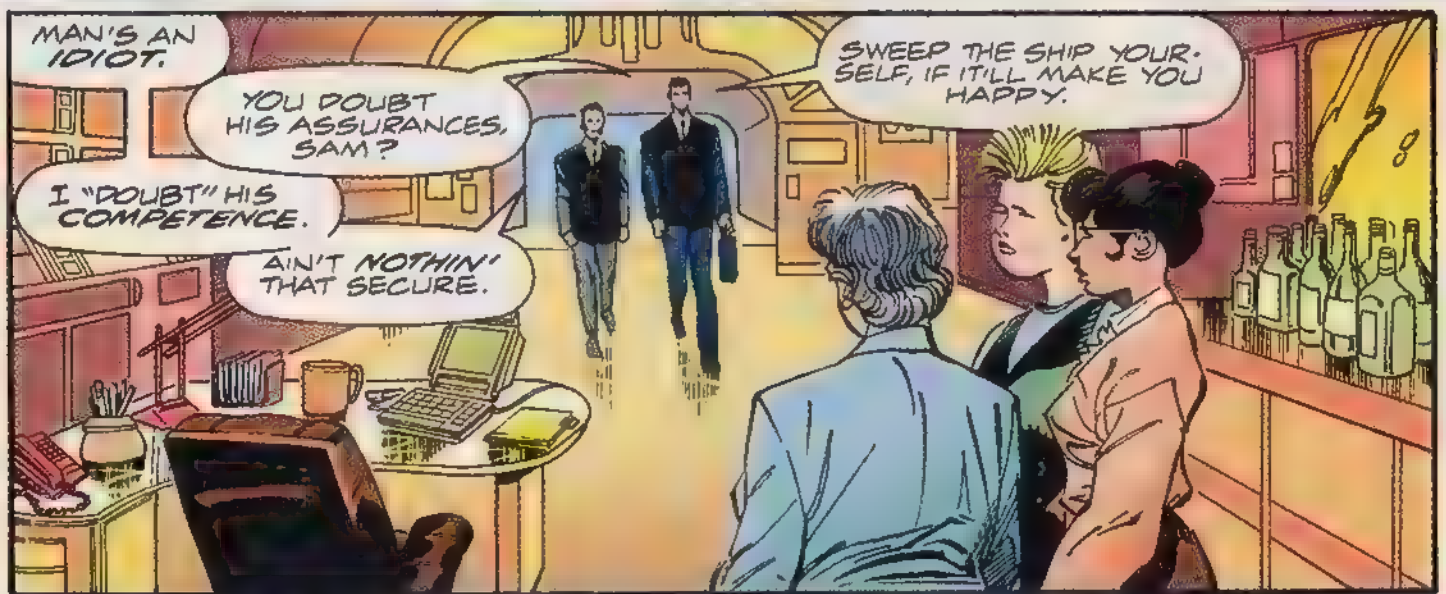
"SO LONG,
SWEETNESS."

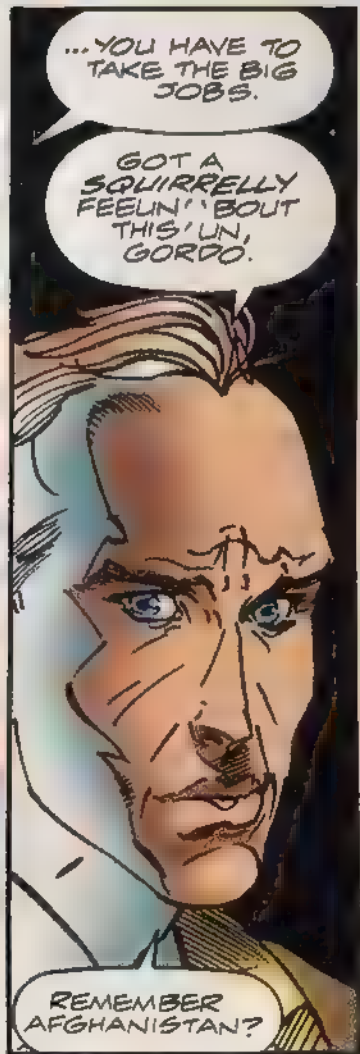
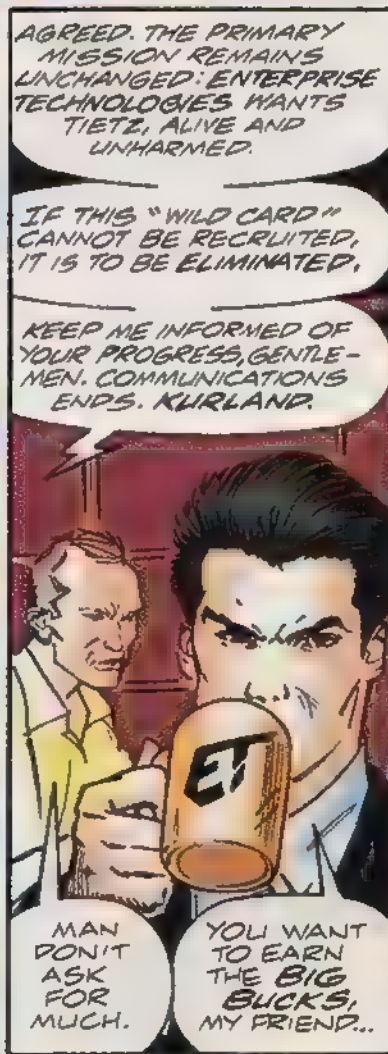
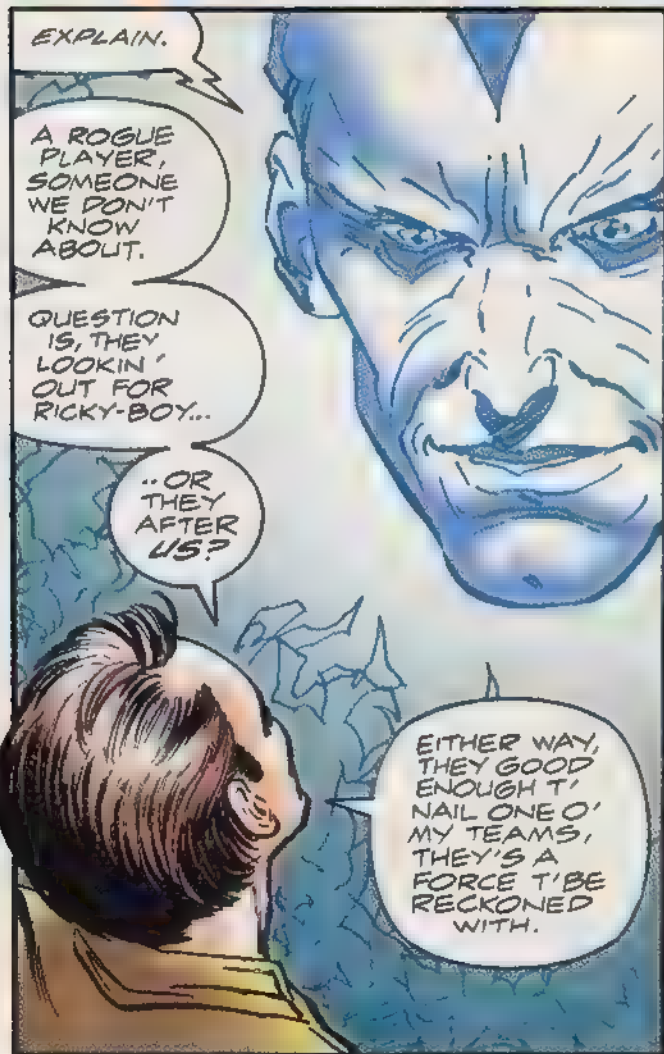
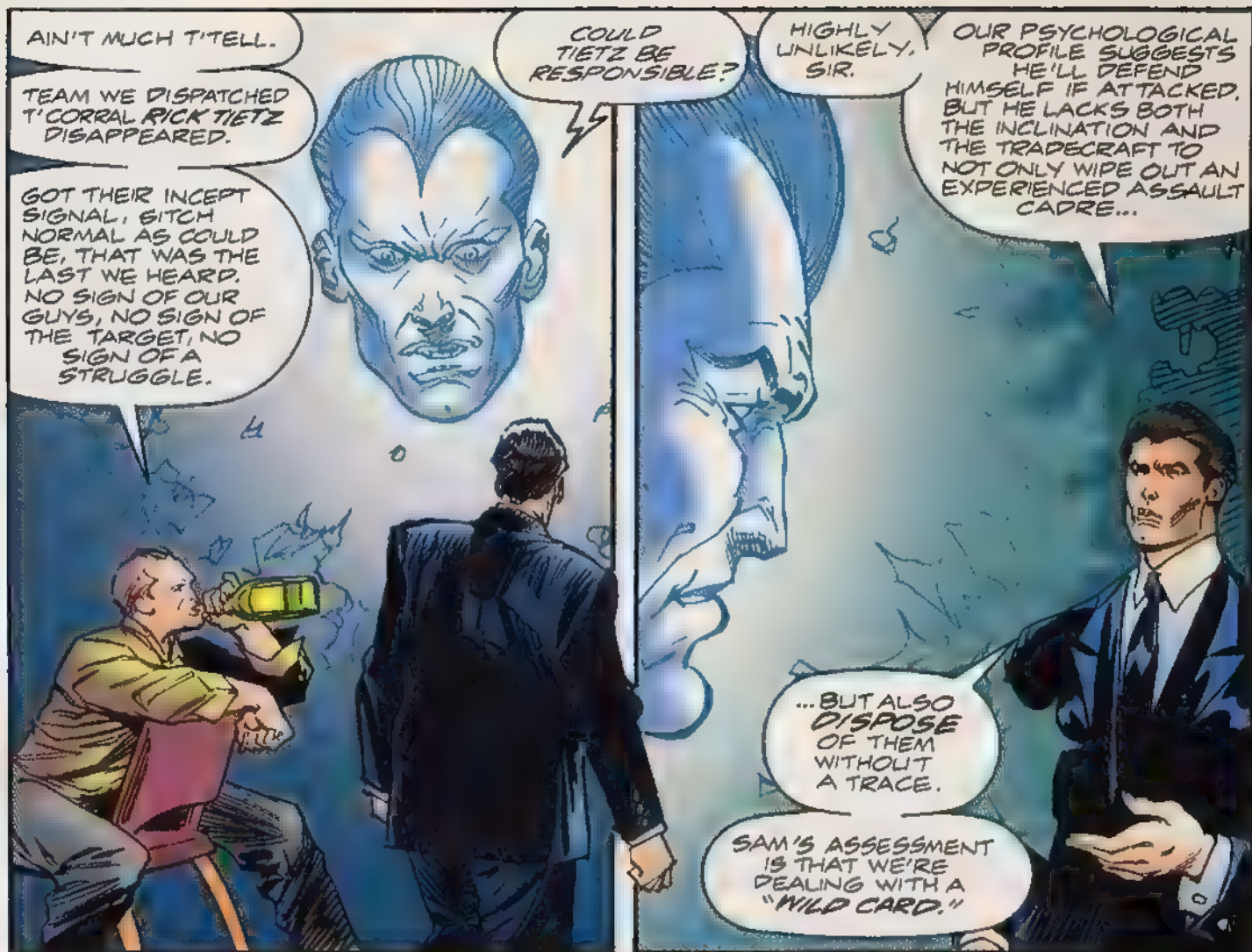
"MAYBE
SOME
OTHER
TIME..."

"MAYBE
SOME
OTHER
LIFE,
YOU
MEAN!"

"HEY, A MAN
CAN
DREAM,
CAN'T HE?"

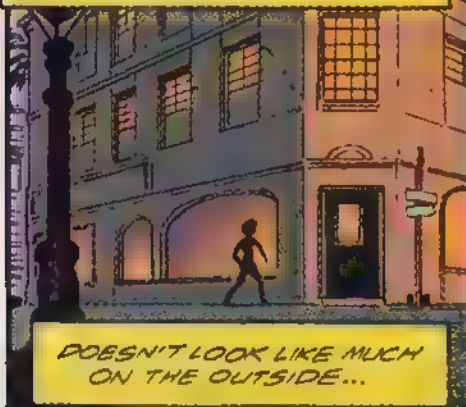
"BABE LIKE THAT,
SHE'S SURE
WORTH DREAMIN'
ABOUT."





SHE FOLLOWS THE LEVEE UPRIVER TO ELYSIAN FIELDS, THEN CUTS LEFT AT CHARTRES TO HEAD BACK INTO THE QUARTER.

IN THE HEAT OF THE MIDWEEK AFTERNOON, THERE ISN'T MUCH FOOT TRAFFIC, SO SHE MAKES GOOD TIME TO THE PLACE ROYALE.



DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH ON THE OUTSIDE...

...BUT THAT'S TRUE ABOUT MOST OF THE VIEUX CARRE.

SHABBY WITHOUT, WONDERLAND (OF A SORT) WITHIN.



SANTS, GIRL, YOU LOOK FRESH AS WHEN YOU LEFT, AN HOUR AGO!

NO WAY YOU BEEN RUNNIN' THIS WHOLE TIME.

FULL TILT, REEF, JUST LIKE ALWAYS, MY WORD ON IT!

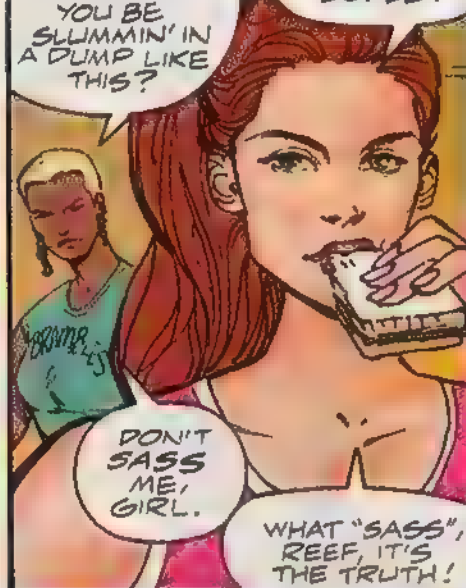
I'D KILL T' KNOW YOUR SECRET, PRUDENCE-CHILE.

NO BIG DEAL. DESIGNER GENES, IS ALL.



FACE AN' FIGURE LIKE YOURS, CAN'T FIGURE WHY YOU BE SLUMMIN' IN A DUMP LIKE THIS?

LIKE THE TOWN? LIKE THE PEOPLE?



DON'T SASS ME, GIRL.

WHAT "SASS", REEF, IT'S THE TRUTH!

PRU!

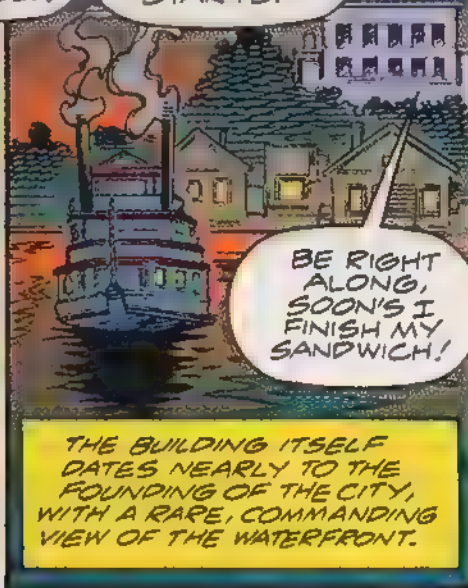
WHERE YOU BEEN? REEF'S NEAR HAD HERSELF A COW!

HURRY UP, GET 'CHA' SELF CHANGED.

Y'ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES 'TIL OUR SHIFT STARTS.



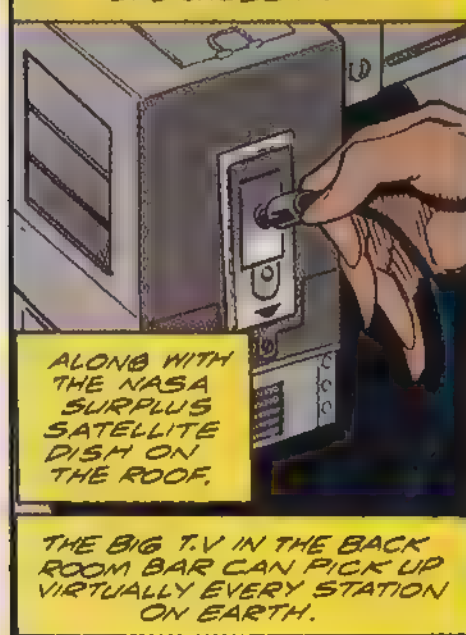
SO I NOTICED.



BE RIGHT ALONG, SOON'S I FINISH MY SANDWICH!

THE BUILDING ITSELF DATES NEARLY TO THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY, WITH A RARE, COMMANDING VIEW OF THE WATERFRONT.

THAT'S ONE OF THE REASONS SHE CHOSE IT.



ALONG WITH THE NASA SURPLUS SATELLITE DISH ON THE ROOF,

THE BIG T.V IN THE BACK ROOM BAR CAN PICK UP VIRTUALLY EVERY STATION ON EARTH.

PRUDENCE'S INTERESTS, HOWEVER, RANGE A LITTLE CLOSER TO HOME.

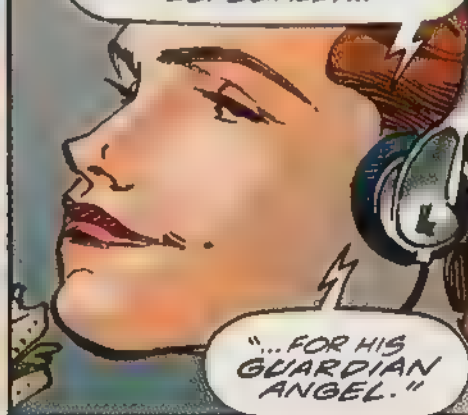
"IF THE "WILDCARD" CANNOT BE RECRUITED, IT IS TO BE ELIMINATED.



"GOT A SQUIRRELLY FEELIN' 'BOUT THIS 'UN, GORDO. REMEMBER AFGHANISTAN?"

"WE DO NOW WHAT WE DID THEN, SAM. WE STRIVE, WE SUCCEED, WE SURVIVE. ANYONE GETS IN OUR WAY...

"...THEY DIE, THAT GOES FOR THE FAT BOY. AND ESPECIALLY...



"...FOR HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL."

THEIR TARGET
IS A MOUND,
GROWING ON
THE SITE OF
THE DESTROYED
BUILDINGS...

...REACHING
THE SIZE OF
A MOUNTAIN,
JUST IN THE
TIME IT TAKES
THEM TO REACH
IT.

RICK CAN'T
HELP A
GIGGLE AS
THEY HIT.

BECAUSE THE IMAGE
THAT COMES TO MIND
IS THAT THEY'RE
LANCING SOME
GIANT BOIL.

THE FLIGHTWING
DOESN'T SURVIVE
THE IMPACT. IT
ISN'T SUPPOSED
TO.

HE WONDER'S,
WHEN THEY
EMERGE, IF THIS
WAS HOW JONAH
FELT, INSIDE
THE BELLY OF
THAT WHALE.

JONAH HAD FAITH
TO PROTECT HIM.

SAME FAITH
THAT
ARMORS
REVEREND
GILBERT

ALL I GOT FOR
PROTECTION IS
THIS STUPID
SUIT OF BLACK
PAINT.

DOES WONDERS
FOR SUE, MAKES
ME LOOK LIKE
THE WALKING
TALKING
WONDER BELLY.

THE FLIGHT
WING
SACRIFICED
ITSELF TO
GOOD
PURPOSE.
WE HAVE
INTERSECTED
ONE OF THE
SECTOR'S
PRIMARY
TRANSIT
NODES.

FOLLOW
AND FIND OUT.

WHERE'S
IT LEAD?

WHAT IS
THIS
STUFF
WE'RE
WEARING,
ANYWAY?

FLOWS AND FITS LIKE
ORG MATERIAL, BUT
THE FEELS DIFFERENT.
DON'T GET THE SAME
SENSE OF IT BEING
ALIVE.

AN' FROM THE FIRST
TIME WE CAME, I'VE
NEVER SEEN ANY-
BODY--EVEN TRAMPLE-
ZOMS-- WEAR FULL-
BODY PROTECTION.
WHAT'RE WE UP AGAINST,
SUE, THAT YOU'RE SO
SCAR--?!

WHAT
THE--?!

FLESHTHRESHERS!

WILL YOU
BE
SILENT?!

BY THE ETERNAL,
YOU PRATTLE ON
WORSE THAN
LORCA!

RICHARD--
BEHIND
YOU!!

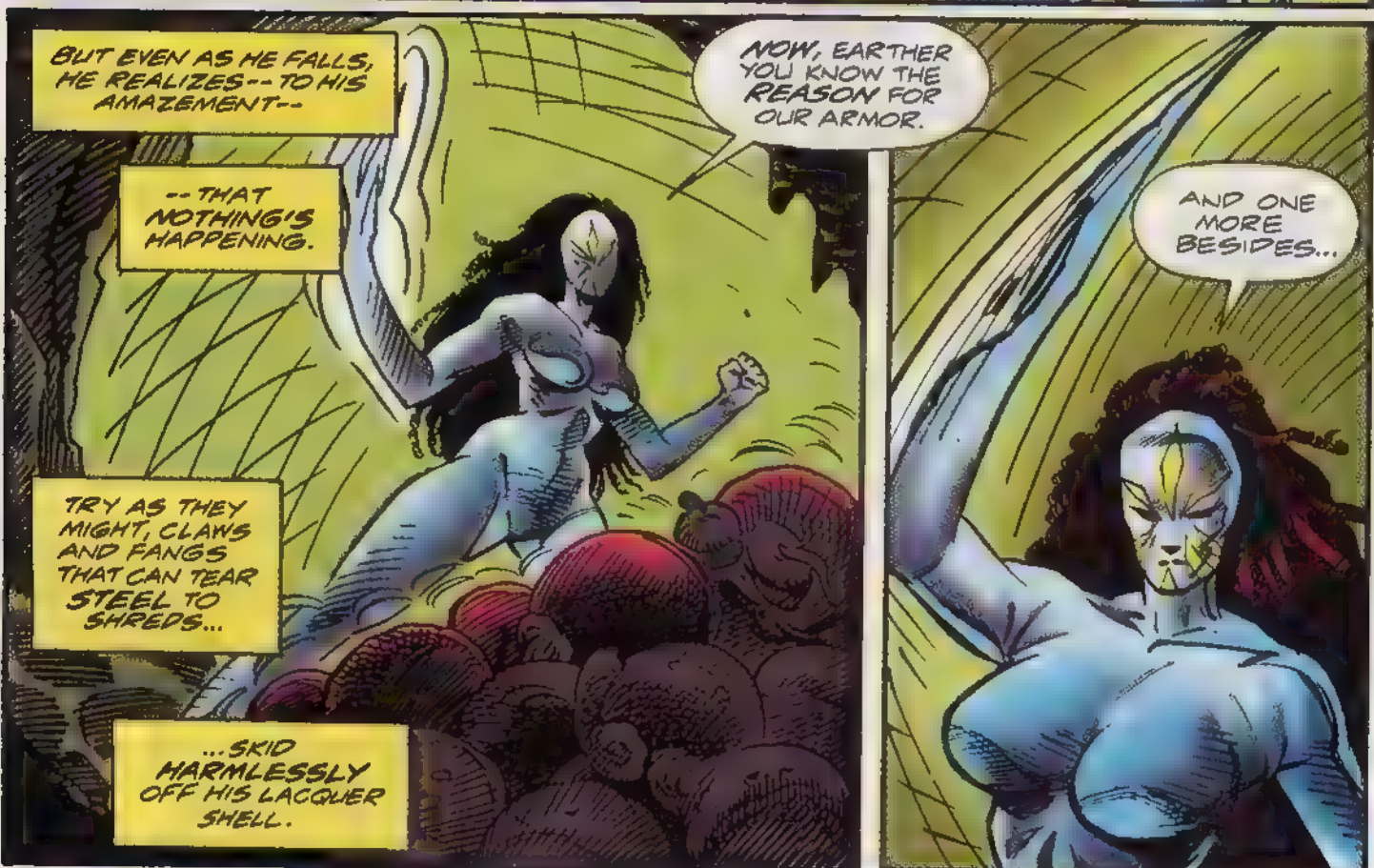


HE KNOWS
WHAT THEY
ARE. HE'S
SEEN THEM
IN ACTION.

PIRANHA
WITH LEGS.

ABLE AND INSATIABLY EAGER
TO STRIP BODIES TO THE BONES
IN SECONDS.

GET THEM
OFFA ME!



BUT EVEN AS HE FALLS,
HE REALIZES-- TO HIS
AMAZEMENT--

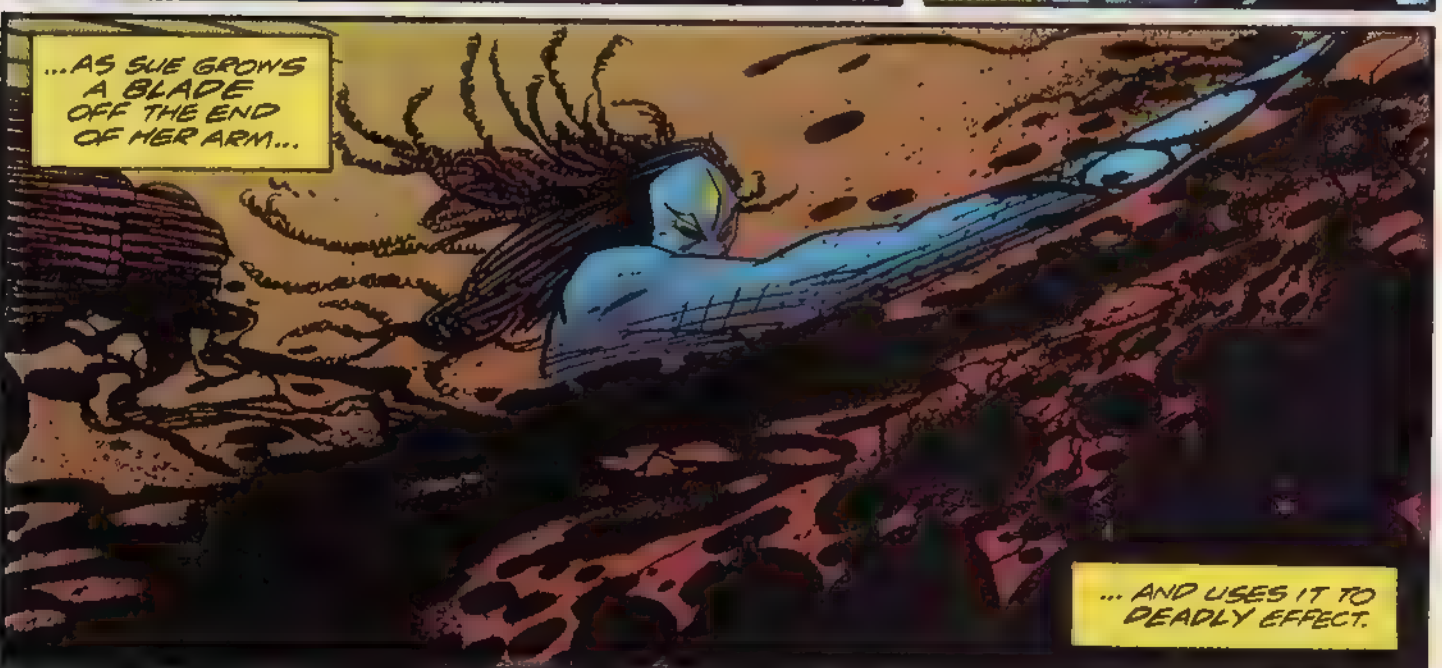
-- THAT
NOTHING'S
HAPPENING.

TRY AS THEY
MIGHT, CLAWS
AND FANGS
THAT CAN TEAR
STEEL TO
SHREDS...

...SKID
HARMLESSLY
OFF HIS LACQUER
SHELL.

NOW, EARTHER
YOU KNOW THE
REASON FOR
OUR ARMOR.

AND ONE
MORE
BESIDES...



...AS SUE GROWS
A BLADE
OFF THE END
OF HER ARM...

... AND USES IT TO
DEADLY EFFECT.



THE
GORE
FLOWS
FREELY.

I AM
CONTENT.

WHATEVER
MAKES YOU
HAPPY,
DARLIN'

THESE SHELLS,
THEY'RE A
KIND OF
MEMORY
PLASTIC,
AM I RIGHT?



PARTIALLY. THEY ARE A
BLEND OF ELEMENTS, THE
KEY BEING THAT NONE
ARE ORGANIC IN NATURE...

... AND NONE ARE
DERIVED FROM
THE ESSENCE OF
THE ORG.

PARDON MY ASKING,
BUT AMONG YOUR
PEOPLE WOULDN'T
THAT BE
CONSIDERED...

...BLASPHEMY?

I AM THE
HIGH
GORE
LORD...



...TASKED
TO
PROTECT
THE ORG.

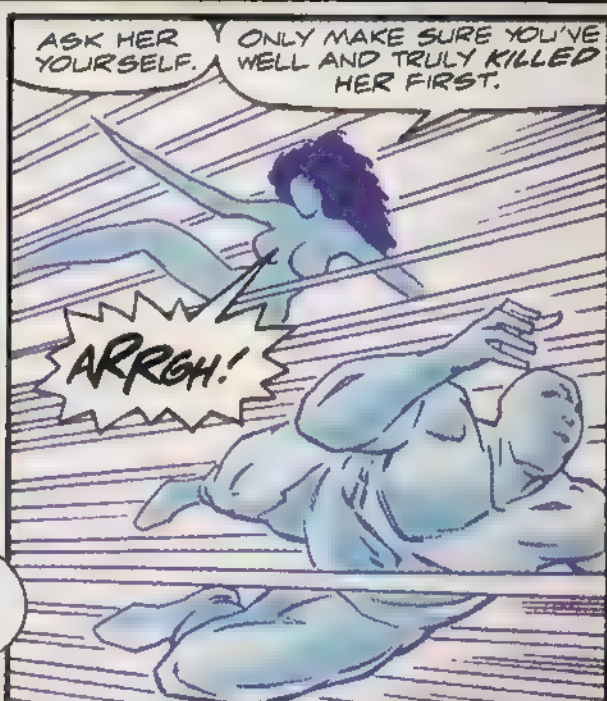
TO THAT END,
I WILL CALL
ON WHATEVER
RESOURCES
I DEEM
NECESSARY.

AND MAKE WHAT-
EVER SACRIFICES.

I'VE SEEN THIS
MATERIAL BEFORE.
IN MY GARAGE.

PRUDENCE
SAVED MY
LIFE, THEN.

IF SHE'S SO
EVIL, SUE,
WHY'D SHE
DO THAT?



ASK HER
YOURSELF.

ONLY MAKE SURE YOU'VE
WELL AND TRULY KILLED
HER FIRST.

ARRGH!



PLASMAD
BOLTS.

YET THE
ARMOR
HELD!

YOUR PEOPLE
BUILT WELL,
KURLAND

ONCE MORE, YOU
HAVE SAVED ME.

HOW YOU
MUST HATE
THAT.

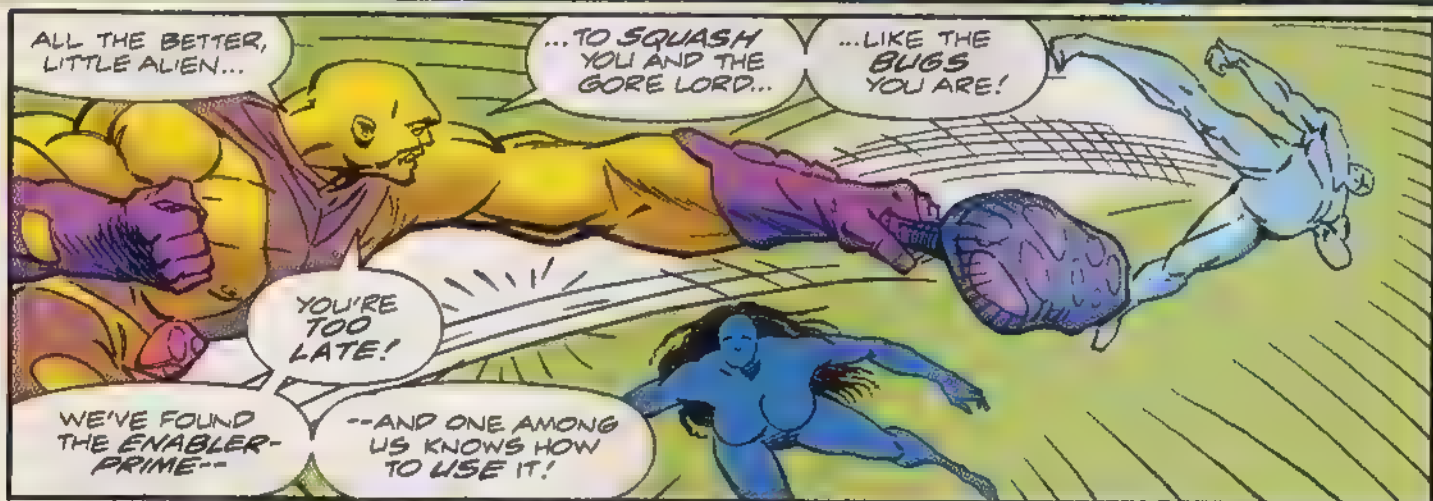
UH... SUE...
NEEDS
UP!



WE GOT
COMPANY!

MONGRELS!

HOW'D
THEY GET
SO BIG?!



ALL THE BETTER,
LITTLE ALIEN...

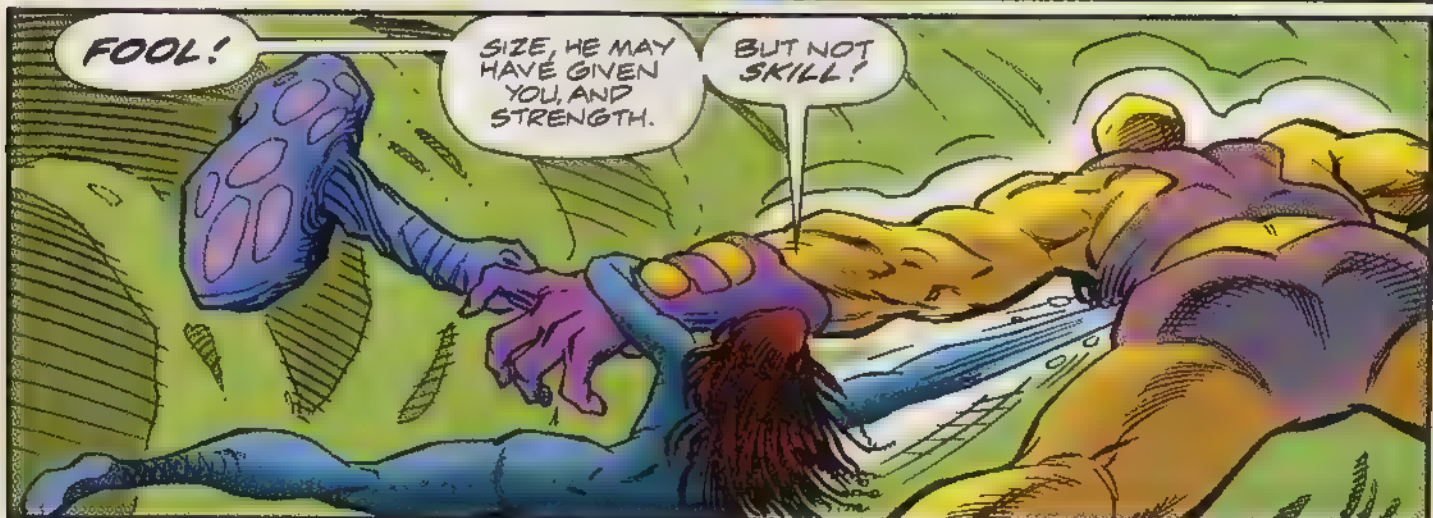
...TO SQUASH
YOU AND THE
GORE LORD...

...LIKE THE
BUGS
YOU ARE!

YOU'RE
TOO
LATE!

WE'VE FOUND
THE ENABLER-
PRIME--

--AND ONE AMONG
US KNOWS HOW
TO USE IT!



FOOL!

SIZE, HE MAY
HAVE GIVEN
YOU, AND
STRENGTH.

BUT NOT
SKILL!

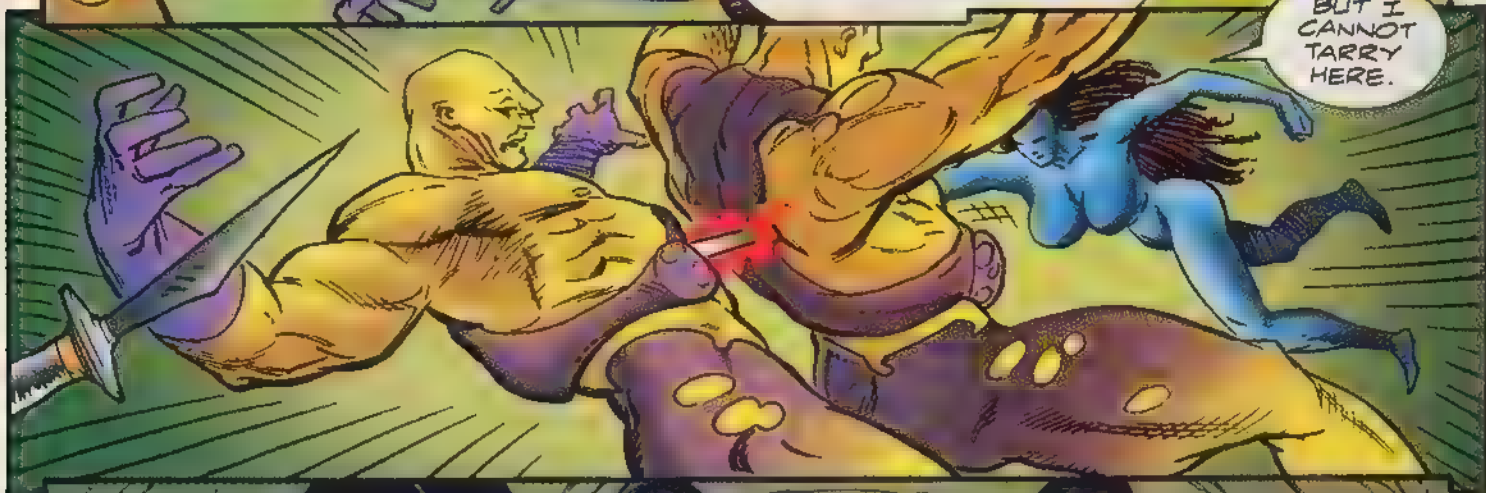


NOR THE EXPERIENCE
THAT COMES WITH A
LIFETIME OF MORTAL
COMBAT!

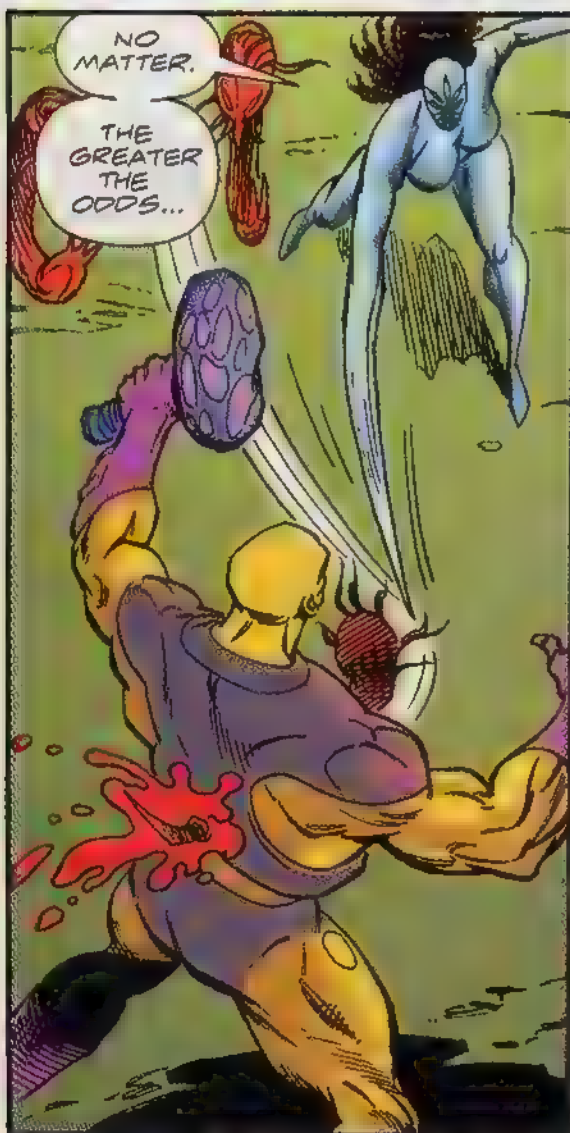
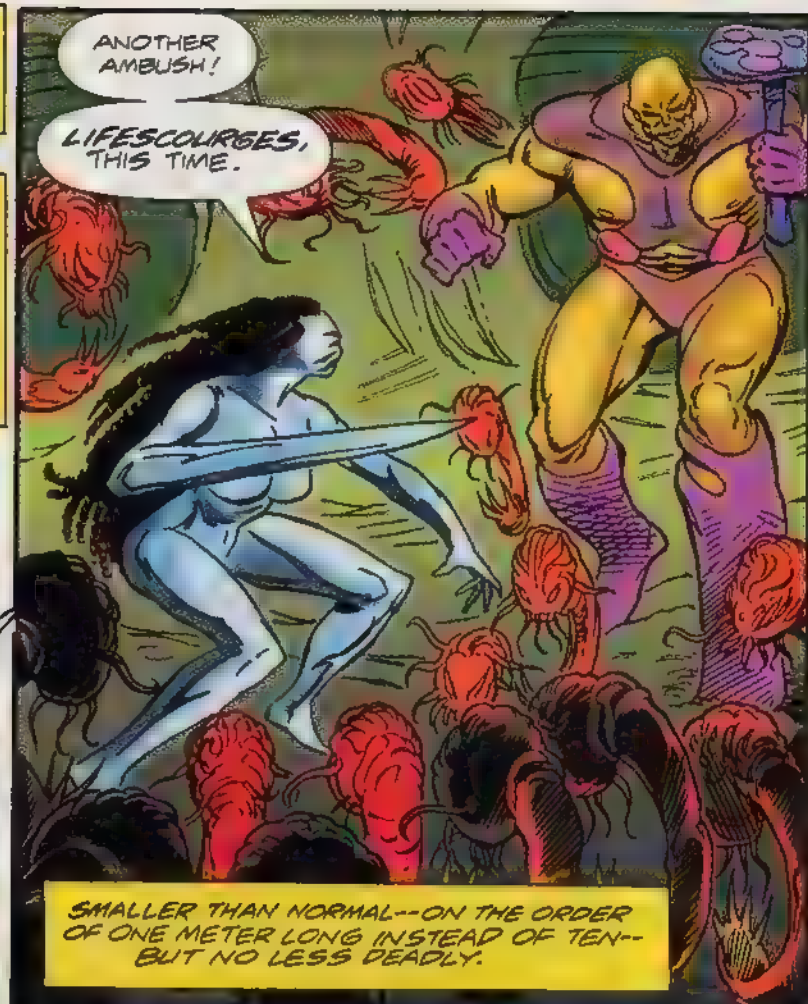
I WAS RIGHT TO
USE KURLAND'S
ARMOR.

PLASMA FIRE AT THE
LEVELS THEY USED
WOULD HAVE INCINERATED
EVEN THE HARDEST OF
MY ZOMS.

BUT I
CANNOT
TARRY
HERE.



EACH MOMENT'S
DELAY BRINGS THE
THE ORG CLOSER
TO CATASTROPHE.



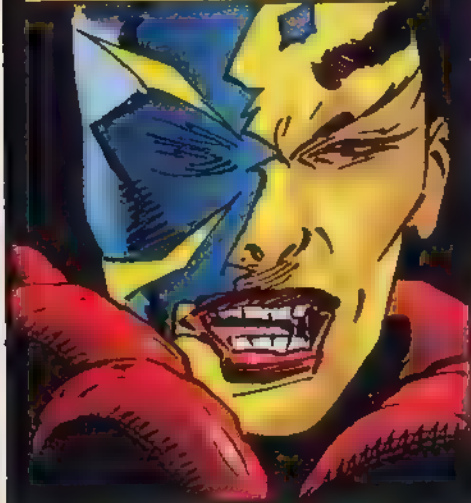
UNFORTUNATELY, THE QUALITY OF THE OPPOSITION HAS INCREASED AS WELL.

ITS STINGER--

--CRACKED
MY
ARMOR!

SUERACEEN'S DONE THE SAME IN BATTLE HERSELF, USING THEIR FULL-SIZE COUNTERPARTS.

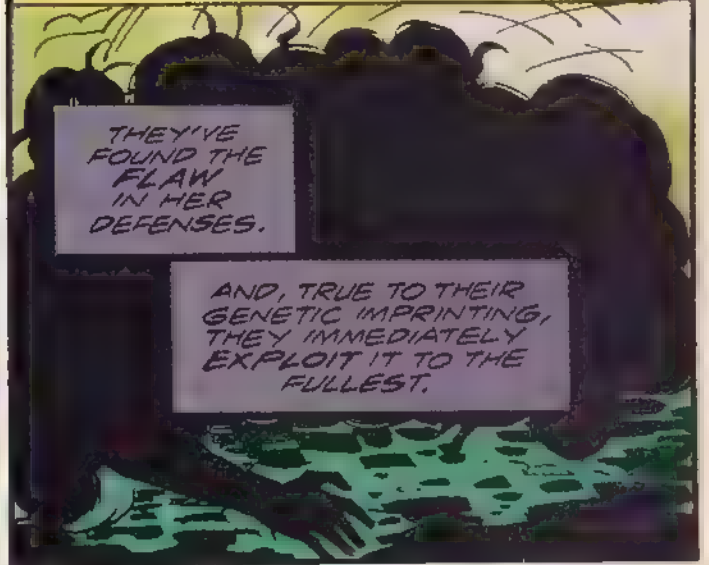
STILL, SHE REFUSES TO YIELD-- EITHER TO DESPAIR OR DEFEAT.



THAT'S THE CUE FOR ALL THE REST TO SWARM HER.

THEY'VE FOUND THE FLAW IN HER DEFENSES.

AND, TRUE TO THEIR GENETIC IMPRINTING, THEY IMMEDIATELY EXPLOIT IT TO THE FULLEST.



EVEN AS SHE'S STRIPPED OF ARMOR AND WEAPONS, SHE TEARS HER FINGERS BLOODY CLAWING AT THE SPIKED CARAPACES OF THE LIFE SCOURGES.

WHEN SHE CAN NO LONGER MOVE HER ARMS, SHE USES HER TEETH.

WITH HER LAST BREATH, SHE BELLOWES HER ETERNAL, UNYIELDING DEFIANCE.

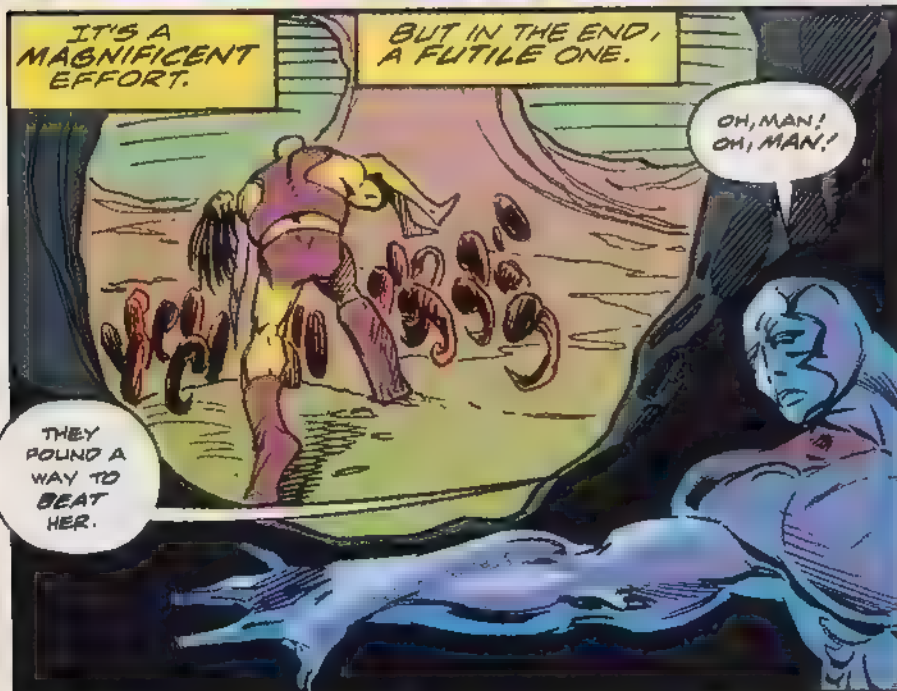


IT'S A MAGNIFICENT EFFORT.

BUT IN THE END, A FUTILE ONE.

OH, MAN!
OH, MAN!

THEY FOUND A WAY TO BEAT HER.



THEY KNOW THERE'S TWO OF US.

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THEY COME AFTER ME!



AND IT
ISN'T.

A MIXED CADRE OF
MONGRELS AND
LIFESCOURGES.

SEARCH
EVERY NODE
BETWEEN
HERE AND THEIR
INGRESS
POINT.

HE MAY
HAVE
FLED.

THEN WE HUNT HIM
DOWN, AND QUICKLY!

BAD ENOUGH
THE GORE LORD
DISCOVERED US.

DO YOU WANT
THE EMPEROR
HIMSELF, PLUS
HIS EARTHER
ALLIES, CRASHING
DOWN ON OUR
HEADS.

THEY
WOULDN'T
DARE!

NOW THAT THE
WEAPON
ULTIMATE IS
IN OUR HANDS...

...WE
HOLD THE
POWER
ON THE
ORG!

NOW WHY IS IT,
BUNKIE...

HOPE YOU
DON'T MIND...

...BUT I FIGURED
THAT SINCE YOU
USED THESE
POROUS
MEMBRANES
TO AMBUSH US...

...IT WAS ONLY FAIR TO RETURN
THE FAVOR.

THE MORE I SEE OF THESE
MONGRELS, THE LESS I
LIKE 'EM.

THEY READ
TO ME LIKE
A STREET
GANG
BACK
HOME...

...YOU
GOT
ME
THINKIN'...

...THAT AIN'T
SUCH A
GREAT
IDEA.

...IN THE
WORST
SENSE OF
THE WORD.

MAYBE DOESN'T SEEM SO SCARY IN NEW YORK OR JERSEY...

...BUT THAT'S HOW THOSE GOONS IN THE BALKENS GOT STARTED.

ALMOST AS IMPRESSIVE AS THE CELL PRUDENCE WAS IN.

"MAYBE THEN, THEY'LL OVERLOOK MY SAD EXCUSE FOR A DISGUISE..."

AND I REALLY DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT "WEAPON ULTIMATE" HE MENTIONED.

SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE HAVIN' A PARTY INSIDE.

HOPE THEY'RE ROYALLY BLOTTO.

YOUR DAY IS DONE, GORELORD.

OH, SOY-- A VALLET TOUGHER LOOKIN' THAN FORT KNOX.

WE ARE THE FUTURE.

THEN I WEEP FOR THE ORG.

BECAUSE IN THAT CASE, WE HAVE NO FUTURE.

YOU'VE PROVEN THAT ALREADY...

... WITH YOUR CARELESS AND CALLOUS USE OF THE ENABLER-PRIME!

WE ARE THE ELITE BECAUSE WE KNOW HOW TO PROPERLY USE...

WHY? BECAUSE WE DEMAND THE SAME RIGHT TO CONTROL OUR BODIES AND ENVIRONMENT...

... THAT YOU OF THE ELITE ENJOY?

...THE TOOLS AND RESPONSIBILITIES GIVEN US.

WE CAN LEARN.

WE HAVE LEARNED.

BEHOLD!

MY GOD!

IT'S SOME KINDA MEANS OF INSTANTANEOUS GENETIC MANIPULATION.



YOU ARE THE LIVING
SYMBOL OF THE
EMPEROR'S MIGHT,
GORELORD.

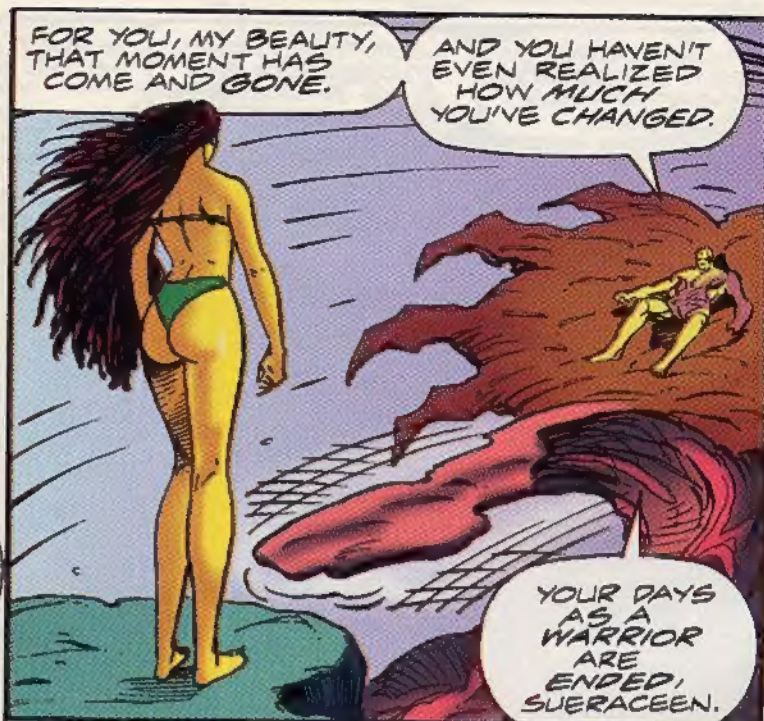
WHEN THE
POPULACE
SEES WHAT
WE'VE DONE
TO YOU...

...THEY WILL
KNOW THAT
LORCA IS
NO LONGER
TO BE
FEARED.

FOOL! YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT
YOU'RE
PLAYING
WITH!

YOU
MUST
STOP!

BEFORE
IT'S TOO
LATE!



FOR YOU, MY BEAUTY,
THAT MOMENT HAS
COME AND GONE.

AND YOU HAVEN'T
EVEN REALIZED
HOW MUCH
YOU'VE CHANGED.

YOUR DAYS
AS A
WARRIOR
ARE
ENDED,
SUERACEEN.



I...
REMEMBER
THEM...

...BUT THAT SEEMS...

...TO BE PART
OF SOME
OTHER
LIFE, SOME
OTHER
WOMAN.



YOU'RE
DIFFERENT
NOW...

...INSIDE AND
OUT, TO THE
SMALLEST
PARTICAL
OF YOUR
BEING.



AS MUCH AS
YOU EVER WERE
THE SUPREME
GORELORD...

...NOW YOU
ARE MY
PERSONAL
PLEASURE-
ZOM.

